The Spectator
HAMILTON COLLEGE

Vol. 1; No. 3 — Clinton, New York — October 17, 1947

Film Society Opens Season October 24th

The Hamilton College Film Society will open its new season on Friday evening, October 24. As usual, admission will be by membership ticket, purchasable in advance at the Bursar's office.

There will be 14 programs on alternate Friday evenings between October 24 and May 28, and the films will be shown in the Chapel only once.

Among the films to be shown are such favorites as the Hitchcock thriller, "The Lady Vanishes", "Our Town", "Camille", "Lifeboat" (with Tallulah Bankhead), "The House on 92nd Street", and many documentary as well as foreign films.

Season tickets for the entire series of 14 will cost $4.00, including tax, per person. Married students and faculty will get a preferential rate of $7.50, including tax, per couple, and accompanied children up to 16 years of age will be admitted free.

These tickets are on sale in Butrick Hall at the Cashier's window. They will not be offered for sale at the door at any time, and no one may be admitted without a ticket the first night even though he promises to buy his membership the next day.

Professor Bowie has organized the programs, the handling of which will be the responsibility of Dick Muniz.

Men of the Week: Keith Wellin, Bill Mason

In many respects, Bill Mason and Keith Wellin are alike. They room together (14 Carnegie), they've both been in the service, they were both overseas, they're both tall and slim, they're both transfer students (Wellin's from The Citadel, Mason's from Washington and Lee), and, further, as we'll soon fully appreciate, they were both elected to represent '51 on the Student Council.

On the individuality side of the ledger, Keith Wellin is from Winnetka, Ill., where he attended New Trier High School. He intends to major in "poli sci," and aspires to make the basketball team when tryouts begin later this fall.

The other members of this two man team, Bill Mason, hails from Great Neck, L.I. His secondary Alma Mater is Great Neck High. A math and eco major here at Hamilton, Mason is presently playing on the soccer team.

Our twosome took different paths during rush week; Keith pledging Sigma Phi and Bill, Alpha Delt.

Elected by the entire student body, Wellin and Mason are expected not only to represent the Freshman class on the Student Council, but to aid greatly in molding the Class of '51 into an energetic and homogeneous group.

WHC STAFF USE FM
Rome Station Offers Facilities

The Hamilton - Hartwick game, broadcast last Saturday over the facilities of WRUN-FM, the Rome station with the new transmitter on College Hill, marked a new development for our own radio voice, WHC. The play-by-play description by Bernard Hawley, WHC manager, and Bob Pigott, sports broadcaster, initiated what is expected to be a series of broadcasts with the Rome station of campus activities, including home sports events, choir recitals, quiz shows, and dramatic programs.

Recognition by professionals in radio indicates the quality and possibilities of "The Voice of College Hill," which last year broke the long distance remote broadcasting record of collegiate radio stations by bringing to its listeners the Hamilton-Haverford football game in Philadelphia.

The Sentinel Broadcasting System, operators of WRUN-FM, reaches an area bounded by Watertown on the north, Amsterdam on the east, Norwich on the south and Auburn on the west. The three hundred seventy-four foot tower northwest of the college, recognizable at night by its blinking red lights, and the transmitter equipment adjacent to it are described as the most modern in the East. The new station is broadcasting "static-free, tone-pure" programs from three to nine o'clock each afternoon and evening at a frequency of 105.7 megacycles in FM channel 289. It shares its studios in Rome and Utica with WRUN, a standard AM station that will soon change its spot on the dial to 1150 kilocycles.

STATISTICS SHOW CONTINENTALS' LOSS TO HARTWICK DECEPTIVE

Hill rooters new and old were disappointed in the results of Saturday's efforts at Steuben Field. A good Hartwick team came up with a victory, but the score belies Hamilton's part in this late lamented ball game. We thought the Continentals played good football, and we still will lay plenty of that old 6 to 5 on this team.

Early in the first quarter, Hartwick, capitalizing on a Hamilton fumble, started a march for a quick touchdown. A few short thrusts through the Hamilton line were topped by a pass which went for a score. We could stop here because each touchdown was accounted for by the same short running plays and a long pass for the score. The Hartwick running attack was bottled up nicely during the entire game, never penetrating beyond the Hamilton 25 yard line. A weak pass defense and perfectly executed passes were responsible for the Blue defeat.

Hamilton looked impressive on the ground, proving that the running strength is there. Fullback Bernie Burns and Ants DiGregorio ran well piling up a hatful of yardage. DiGregorio's punting was a joy to behold; he kicked them long and well placed. The Hamilton passing was ineffectual and can be traced to the lack of protection our passers were receiving. Each pass was hurried and the receivers were not down under the ball. One faint breath of spring was pumped into this situation by Bob Hilfinger's shoestring catch of a low pass thrown by Jack Kelley.

The Blue did its share of fumbling for the afternoon and Hartwick made the most of it. In fact, "Pop" Bank's men made the most of all the Hamilton weaknesses. Bank's ends were quick to get down the field beyond our halfbacks, and his passers took advantage of good blocking to throw three touchdown tosses.

Information on Oberlin, tomorrow's opponent, is scarce. The record book tells us that Oberlin has won 1 and lost 1. The team is inexperienced and not the powerful outfit it was during the days of V-12 football. For a change, Hamilton will not be competing against a team far superior in weight or in reserve strength. Fumbles, we have seen quite a few, pass interceptions, or lucky breaks may decide the winner.

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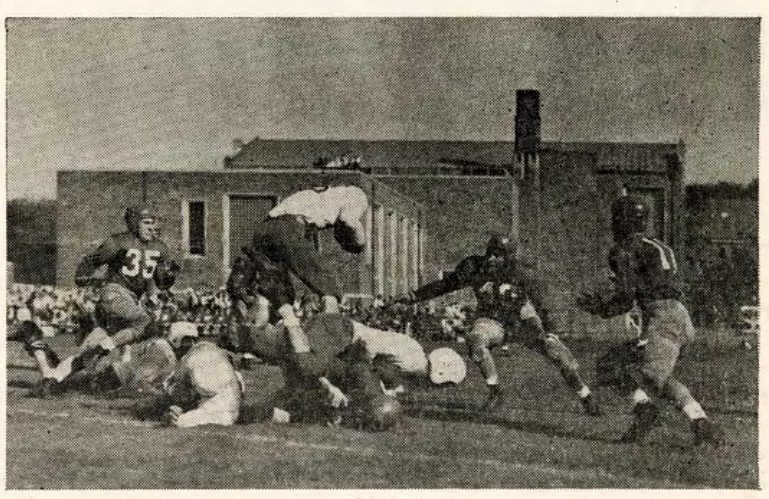
Hamilton Traps Hartwick Ball-Carrier



The Continentals demonstrate strong defensive abilities

Football Team to Meet Coach Weber's Alma Mater Saturday

This weekend the Hamilton eleven with gear and baggage, and a will to win, embark on the longest trip of the season to meet a foe at Oberlin College. Since the only information we had of this institution was the fact that Coach Weber is an alumnus, we decided to do a bit of investigating.

The college is located at Oberlin, Ohio, a village of 4,300 inhabitant, thirty-four miles west of Cleveland. It was founded in 1833 by two men who "without liberal education, endowed with more than ordinary intellectual gifts, and wholly destitute of financial resources, met to decide upon some definite line of effort which should produce the maximum of spiritual benefit to a "perishing world." Their efforts were realized when in that year both the foundation of the village and of the institution were laid simultaneously. Having been impressed by an account of the life of the Alsatian pastor and philanthropist, John Frederick Oberlin, the founders bestowed his name upon the village and college. In keeping with the principle set down by the founders, Oberlin has been avowedly Christian for its hundred years, but has never had a creed or any denominational control.

Oberlin offers a Bachelor of Arts degree and is essentially a liberal arts college, although made up of three constituent schools, the College of Arts and Sciences, the graduate School of Theology, and The Conservatory of Music. In the liberal arts field many of its educational aims concur with those of Hamilton, and the curricular program is similar to ours, prescribing basic requirements and dividing the courses into three groups. An honor system very much like the one existing here is used at Oberlin. Here the similarity ends, for Oberlin is coeducational and coeducation, as now generally understood, had its beginning at Oberlin. This policy was in line with the plan of the founders who desired that "a hearty welcome should be accorded to women and manual labor should play a prominent role." We were unable to learn anything concerning the manual role, but we did discover that there are approximately 550 women attending the college. The normal enrollment is 550 men and 550 women(we wondered at this very even count) but due to the war the male quota has been raised to 900.

One bit of information that lends towards somewhat of a rivalry is that Coach Weber's former roommate, Lysle Butler, is coach of the Oberlin football squad. This is one time room-mates won't be rooting for the same team.

CHARLATAN TRYOUTS

Tryouts for the Charlatans' production of Bernard Shaw's **"Saint Joan"** will be held on Monday evening at 7:30 in the auditorium of the Chemistry Building.

Professor Bowie, in charge, states that only those who are interested in acting should appear at this time.

Houseparty Rehash-- .. For Weak Memories

As the last date was loaded into a taxi with her ice pack, late Monday night, and the last beer stained tux was being dried out, the flags were pulled in on a weekend which proved to be highly successful even though its early arrival had taken many unawares. For the benefit of those who can't quite remember all that went on, we continue our usual practice of outlining houseparty events, so that everyone can appreciate what a fine time he really had.

Friday night, after Robert's Renovated Rickshaw finally made the Hill after three unsuccessful attempts with twelve dates aboard, the wheels of organized enetrtainment ground into action with a highly successful Freshman show in Commons Hall. The production included two skits with Dave Amerman, Bob Milkey, Dave Rickenbacker, and Sam Fairchild taking the leading roles, piano selections by Jim Bash, a cello solo by Fred Miller, and a very masterful display of accordion playing by the master of ceremonies, Steve Barcay.

During the rest of the evening, the various houses featured informal dances or other more original forms of entertainment such as the Theta Delt pajama party. Many who had access to cars journeyed to Knoxboro for the D. U. barn dance which proved to be a staggering success.

Those who chose to rise Saturday morning might have seen a beautiful day and a good soccer game. The weather was also nice at the football

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The Spectator
HAMILTON COLLEGE

A newspaper published by students to serve the undergraduate body of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

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COMMUNICATION

The Editor,
The Hamilton College Spectator,
Clinton, New York.

Dear Sir:

Dewey's Drainage hasn't been draining for more than a week now. We seem to be between two fires, but what they are, and why, no one will explain. All we know is that the proper authorities, whoever they may be, are so busy blaming someone else, that they forget the real issue — the fact that the shocking conditions in the Village are not being remedied.

At this point we are very tired of weak explanations. We would like action.

What makes our situation so completely ridiculous is that we are the victims of small-time politics. We must now threaten publicity in the hope that enough pressure in an election year may bring results. No matter where we turn we draw a blank. Perhaps if the authorities (we wish we knew who they were) could walk into our bathrooms and gag from the utter filth, they might be prodded into action. Why must they be so busy escaping blame that they are blind to the fact that we need immediate attention?

We have shrugged and kidded since early Spring, but the jokes are over. We need decent sanitation in our home, or perhaps someone would volunteer to erect outhouses for "building four".

(s) Slum Dweller.

This letter was the first information that we had received concerning the sanitary conditions in North Village. An investigation indicated that no one was willing to assume responsibility for the imperfect plumbing and leaky roofs. It would seem that there is no single agency that can be held officially responsible for this dangerous situation; the supposedly involved officials are all busy "passing the buck". As a result, students and their families are being forced to exist under intolerable conditions. We do not know whether or not it is possible to place the technical blame on any single agency. But we do know that the refusal of all the presumably concerned agencies to accept their proper measure of MORAL RESPONSIBILITY is totally reprehensible.

BOOKS

"Mister Roberts"
by Thomas Heggen
Reviewed by Martin Murphy

For most of us citizens of this brave, new, one world,, the late World War II is fast becoming only the most blurred of memories. The kaleidoscope of those confused and confusing years is not likely to have impressed any of us with any single memory. If anything, the recollection of that simultaneously infamous and inspired era has degenerated into a jumble of chaotic remembrances and impossible experiences. But for that small, and, then temporarily doomed, group of men who sweated out month after month on some ridiculous island in the South Pacific or in a quonset hut in Alaska there can remain only the impression of a time of acute boredom that seemed to have no beginning and would have no end. For this latter group of men, Thomas Heggen's recent book, "Mr. Roberts", may not be an especially amusing evening's reading, but for anyone who has known confusing years is not likely to have the madness indigent in doing the same job over and over again (of doing his "own little bit", I think the phrase went) this tale of life on a navy freighter will be consoling if nothing else.

This is Heggen's first book, and in it he is dealing with a no little familiar subject, since he was a naval officer. But he has injected into his pages more than experience, for he reveals himself as one of the few proficient chroniclers of personal war-time experiences the post-war period has brought to light. His book is no literary work of art; he writes, in fact, as though he might have apprenticed with Ernie Pyle. But if it is agreed that his work is devoid of any characteristic style, it must nevertheless be conceded that he has managed to pin down the attitudes and affections of men, not in battle, but forever just behind the battle lines, in a most realistic and credible manner.

"Mr. Roberts" is a series of glimpses. It is the story of the "Reluctant", and it is the story of her crew . . . certainly as colorful and varied a group as have ever been assembled together in even the most befuddled days of Selective Service. There is, of course, Mr. Roberts, the idolized (albeit somewhat idealized) First Lieutenant of the ship, who itches for battle but who is "defeated by the magnificiently nonconductive character of his station." There is Ensign Pulver, a healtny, highly moral young man who sleeps a great deal and is generally regarded by his shipmates as being rather worthless. There is the Doc who attends to cuts and cases of diarrhea, and who spends most of his time working calculus problems or reading Nietzsche and Shopenhauer. Then, there are men like Dowd, the bos'n's mate,, who has "eleven years in" and whose one goal in life is to corner the world market in beer and to drink all of same, extant, at any given moment. His passion for spirits is exceeded only by Olsen, the first class gunner's mate, who brews his own ship-board variety of "jungle juice" from raisin mash, fruit juices (swiped from the issue room), and such quantities of alcohol as Doc could be persuaded to release from the dispensary. And then, of course, there is the Captain. Certainly this Captain is like no ordinary Commanding Officer in the Navy tradition, for Captain Norton's crew was really banded together in a great fight against the Japanese.

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Hayes National Bank
CLINTON, N. Y.
MEMBER F. D. I. C.

EX TEMPORE

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES AND HOW THEY GREW

Sixtyish, successful Ludwig Mies Van Der Rohe, architect of international note, is now at work in America. Much of his life work was done in Europe. Some of it has been destroyed, some still stands, while some has never existed save in blueprint. On all of this rests his reputation as "one of the most important innovators of the present century." The Museum of Modern Art has on exhibit models, designs and photographs of the work.

Once upon a time, a home was something anthropocentric. Men, ruling out space, managed to shut out the universe, build shelter from the storm, wall in considerable warmth, the smell of good food, and the atmosphere of privacy—that civilizational requisite so peculiar to humankind .

There are those, however, who question what has been traditional in building. In 1923, Mies tabulated a terse and rigid credo for architecture and form, in which he stated: "We reject all esthetic speculation, all doctrine, all formalism....Not yesterday, not tomorrow, only today can be given form....Form is not the aim of our work, but only the result....Form by itself does not exist..."

All that, it may be admitted, is appropriate for factories, office buildings, colleges and other public institutions, when efficiency is the commolity, not privacy, or decoration. But Mies has not stopped there. A "classic" of modern architecture was his Tugendhat House, constructed in Czechoslovakia in 1930 (now reported very badly damaged). In this house we see the steel "cage and truss","hovering box", "independent wall", "endless flowing space" technique, carried (with the help of the golden mean and the logarithmic curve) to its questionable extreme. Working in steel, glass, and other flexibles—and apparently inspired particularly by the balance and logical statement of the suspension bridge—Mies completely rearranges the emphasis of the home. No longer is man protected from the universe; rather the universe is encouraged to "flow endlessly". There are no rooms. Instead groups of distressing, low-slung furniture stand, separated by a raw silk curtain, or a marble partition or two. Much of the exterior walling is transparent and tenuous. Most disturbing of all: nothing seems certain. From the outside, his building appears casual and slight. Inside, his austerity makes familiarity and intimacy near the impossible. Even recognition, I should think, is difficult, though the graceful naked statuary Mies likes to place in the patio, foyer, or lounge might be something to hold onto.

Anyhow, Mies is here, and will continue to be represented at the Museum through November 23, for the general edification of everybody concerned.

—S. K. F.

Q. E. D.

Some gentlemen on this Hill have decided not to drink any more, and, believing that sobriety is the only true road to happiness, they have banded together in a crusade against Demon Alcohol. Monday evening after an organizational meeting in South Lounge, a committee was appointed to establish contact with the Honorable Order of Chastened Humans, whose representative, Mr. I. W. Harper, addressed the group Wednesday night in the Deke library. After congratulating the Hamiltonians on their wise move, Mr. Harper explained that H.O.O.C.H was founded in 1889 following the fiftieth anniversary of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. The first meeting was held in the Critical Ward of the Minnesota State Hospital under the direction of Cyrano DeB. Twomey. From this humble beginning H. O. O. C. H. has become a powerful organization, maintaining chapters in forty-nine cities and one hundred and fifty-two colleges under the able leadership of Mr. J. Walker. While H.O.O.C.H. welcomes converts from all states of physical decay, the bulk of its membership consists of Legionnaires, college students and recently divorced husbands. Nearly 150,000 men pay allegiance to the motto: "We'd walk a mile for H.O.O.C.H." In concluding his address, Mr. Harper issued membership cards to seventy-six Hamiltonians and exhorted them to continue conscientious sobriety. Before adjourning, the group named a Board of Governors. Jack Ringaard was elected chairman. Judson, O. J. Burns, N. Allen, C. Scala, Corbett, Westervelt, Connolly, Belden, Twomey, Conner, Dennison, and Von Thurn rounding out the slate.

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NEWS NOTE

DIETRICH IN DEPTH OF NIGHT

"Perhaps it happens that a dance in the Yellow Pavilion brings two bodies into contact."—Vicki Baum: *Grand Hotel*

To be so near as to touch is one thing, but *to connect* is *Everything* (*Wo Ist Der Mann?*) and it is as one doomed *never* to connect (*Allein ..In Einer Grossen Stadt*) that Marlene Dietrich sings her lacrymose and desperate songs of *Steppenwolf-Flämmchen the Second* kind of Berlin lost ones.

The VOX people have recently re-issued six of the Polydor disques that Dietrich cut during the 'twenties of Germany's *Disorder and Early Sorrow*. The Dietrich of these disques is World-Wanton of terrible lonliness and inner-conflict that had to result in the broken Germany of George Grosz's awful graphic telling.

Dietrich makes to be a girl rationalizing her desire to connect in the form of a birthday gift to *Jonny*, as *The Leaning Tower* again crumbles in the hand of Charles Upton, American haunted in Berlin. That girl alone! That girl is Eternal-Gamin to go through it all and on, forever aloof from and yet alone with horror unspeakable. She is of The Mystery and tragic in her aspect. Complete submission must always be for her. She is Rose of the World with whore's paint on her face. She is Mary-Magdalen-without-Jesus and Mary-Magdalen-with-Jesus together and at once. She is Grace superimposed upon Fall from Grace. The girl is Divine Cancellation over and over and over....

The bitter whisky of Dietrich's "Extra-Musical" art poignantly preserves the terrors from Paradise, where the extremes of the paradoxes could otherwise be finally reconciled.

(to be concluded) —DON ROSCHER

FRATERNITIES ANNOUNCE PLEDGES

With more than one-half of the Class of '51 pledged to various Hill fraternities, the **Spectator** herewith publishes the names of those men pledged to each respective house. The following list is, however, not necessarily final.

Sigma Phi:

John F. R. Barton, White Plains; Frederick L. Cady, New Canaan, Conn.; John S. Hill, Dartmouth, Mass.; John Larsen, Staten Island; Duane A. McMartin, New Canaan, Conn.; Carl B. Menges, Pleasantville; Robert C. Pyle, West Chelmsford, Mass.; David E. Rickenbacker, New York City; James M. Scala, Clinton; Keith S. Wellin, Winnetka, Ill.; Alexander S. Flesh, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Alpha Delta Phi:

David P. Amerman, East Rochester; Alan H. Bath, Williamsburg, Va.; John W. Boynton, West Orange, N. J.; Greene Fenley, II, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Carl P. Grimm, Carmel; John T. Henderson, Jr., New York City; Henry F. Hosley, Sherburne; David B. King, Warren, Ohio; William H. Luers, Springfield, Ill.; Lewis W. Maker, Pelham Manor; Robert C. Richter, Yonkers; Frederick W. Schmidt, Summit, N. J.; Donald C. Williams, New York City; Christopher H. Worthington, Truro, Mass.; William S. Mason, Great Neck.; Emmons G. Paine, West Orange, N. J.; Bernard F. Cowbemall, New York City.

Psi Upsilon:

Harry N. Babcock, Scarborough, James C. Brown, Pulaski; Ralph C. Emery, Fairport; Richard J. Howell, Auburn; John H. Kelley, Belmont; Mass.; Peter R. L. Kesler, Oak Park, Ill.; John P. Landoldt, White Plains; Stuart McKeldin, Winnetka, Ill.; Frederik W. Meservey, Huntington; Charles L. Miller, Elmira; Donald O. Pollock, Brookside; Hail Shultz, Skaneateles; Charles A. Smith, Oyster Bay, Robert J. Tillman, Norwich.

Delta Upsilon:

Walter H. Cole, III, Elizabeth, N.J.; Charles W. Farber, New York City; Harris B. Hinchcliff, Cortland; Earl R. Huffman, Pemberville, O.; William R. Hutchinson, Easton, Pa.; Frederick M. Miller, III, Utica; John W. Rushmore, Canandaigua; Howard O. Scarborough, Brooklyn; Richard F. Underwood, Hancock; Rushmore R. Valentine, Locust Valley.

Chi Psi:

John V. Byrne, Chappaqua; Maxwell Lester, III, Summit, N.J.; Colin MacLachlan, Huntington; Norbert J. Matzinger, Liberty; John F. Mesinger, Bronxville Manor; Philip A. Miller, Delmar; John C. Mulvihill, Denver, Colo.; David R. Palmer, Summit, N.J.; David L. Podell, Jr., New York City; Alton C. Sleggs, Angelica; Louis L. Woodward, Albany; Alvah B. Davis Jr., Warsaw; Robert A. Peacock, Toronto, Ont.

Delta Kappa Epsilon:

William H. Bloomer, Binghamton; George J. Doyle, Oriskany; Harry V. Doyle, Oriskany; Robert E. Milkey, Turner Falls, Mass.; Joseph R. Powers, Oswego; John W. Purcell, New York City; Peter Sullivan, Binghamton; David A. Webster Jr., Teaneck, N.J.; Warner B. Hartford, Concord, N.H.; William Trickey, Essix Falls, N. J.

Theta Delta Chi:

David T. Bishop, Syracuse; Holbrook Bugbee, Winchester, Mass.; Edward H. Christ Jr.; New Britain, Conn.; Jack E. Hastings, Jr., Forty-Fort, Pa.; Leonard E. Kingsley, New York City; Floyd W. Starr, Cortland; Richard Manz, Buffalo.

Emerson Literary Society:

Stephen J. Barcay Jr., Binghamton; John H. Bucklin, Providence, R.I.; Samuel D. Fairchild, Plattsburg; Donald W. Huffmire, Liberty; Herbert H. Insley, Washington, D.C.; William G. Lafferandre, Jr., Ridgewood, N.J.; John Z. Noyes, Arlington, Va.; George Pohl, Sherrill; George F. VanBuskirk, Odessa; David P. VerNooy, Cortland; Charles F. Heinig, Vernon; Allen H. Kuntz, Tonawanda; Frederick R. Pilch, Bloomfield, N.J.; Omar S. Pound, Washington, D.C.; William Wilson, Niagara Falls.

Lambda Chi Alpha:

Bruce M. Bowen, Watertown; Merritt C. Farren, Upper Montclair, N.J.; Alfred McClatchy, Flushing; James H. Thomas III, Waverly, Pa.; Neale H. Mucklow, Troy; John C. Oram Jr., Garden City; Demetrius C. Rose, Ramsey, N.J.; Walter P. O'Connor, Mohawk; David M. McNiven, Schenectady; E. Scott Francis.

Squires Club:

Richard Puglisi, Binghamton; T. J. Maccabe, Brooklyn; Anthony F. Avallone, Mt. Vernon; Donald H. Baldwin, W. Orange, N.J.; Herbert J. Blitz, Kew Gardens; Pickward J. Bash, White Plains; Fritz K. Battenhausen, Larchmont; Arthur L. Content, Stamford, Conn.; Galbraith M. Crump, Cranford, N. J.; Donald H. Gent, Endicott; Jerome J. Huff, Waverly; Edward K. Foster, Yalesbille, Conn.; Robert B. Freiberg, New York City; Andrzej Kuhn, London, Eng.; Barnett F. Karnow, Brooklyn; Jason Li, Canton, China; Charles A. Leonhardt, Lynbrook; Aetius R. Lawrence, Poughkepsie; Lawrence R. McCarty, Fulton; Robert C. McConnell, Scarborough; Bertram S. Natelson, Deal, N. J.; Gilbert M. Oster, Westfield; Harrison H. Pearce, Jr., Townsbend, Vt.; James W. Ring, Jamestown; E. Richard Rimmels, Garden City; Donald M. Roso, Mt. Vernon; Paul Stuki, W. New York, N. J.; Harvey Shriber, Binghamton; Elwyn L. Swarts, Hornell; Philip W. Sweeney, State College, Ark.; Richard V. Tuthill, E. Orange, N. J.; Edward Youg, Hankow, China.

Prof. Shute To Give 10th Lecture Series

Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica begins its 11th year of activities with the announcement of several lectures to be presented by Hamilton figures of note. Mr. Berrian Shute is scheduled for his 10th lecture series at the Institute. Mr. Shute's series this year of ten lectures is to be correlated with the lectures on the visual arts by Mr. Harris K. Prior, Director of the Community Arts Program. The subject for the correlated series is "Music and the Visual Arts in Life" and has the meaningful object of indicating by sight and sound "the main functions of music and art in the life of man, past and present."

This series, which is to be conducted on alternate Tuesdays at 8 o'clock by the two lecturers, includes a great variety of pertinent subjects beginning with Mr. Shute's lecture on Oct 21, "Music as Communication and Expression", and continuing through such topics as "Music and Religion", "Music and the Theatre", and "Music and the Dance". The lectures will be illustrated by Mr. Shute with piano and recorded music.

Mr. Howard Nemerov, Instructor of English at Hamilton and author of the recently published book of poetry, "The image and the Law", is presenting a single and first lecture at the Proctor Institute this Friday evening, October17. His subject is "On Reading Contemporary Poetry". During the course of the lecture he expects to read several of his own poems, some of which appear in his first published book,"The Image and the Law", and were written on the Hamilton campus. Mr. Nemerov looks forward to his introduction to the Institute which he feels has served the cultural interests of the community admirably.

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Meet The Faculty: Dean Winton Tolles

The **Spectator** begins this new faculty column by presenting a man who needs no introduction to Hamilton. A graduate of the Class of '28, Dean Tolles returned to the Hill the following year and taught Public Speaking and English Composition until 1931 when he received his M. A. For the past two summers he has taught English Literature here. A winner of both the Clark Prize Oration and the McKinney Prize Debate, he was also a member of the varsity baseball basketball, and soccer teams during his undergraduate days.

Dr. Tolles joined the English Department of Washington College in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1934. Six years later he was made head of that department. In 1942, he received a lieutenant's commission in the U. S. Navy. After engaging in personnel and indoctrination work in the States, he was ordered to Okinawa. Last year he served as dean of the Utica College of Syracuse University. In March Dean Tolles was elected president of the Hamilton College Alumni Association of Utica and vicinity. And on September 15, Visiting Professor of English, Winton Tolles, became Dean of Hamilton College.

Skidmore Offers Varied Weekend Entertainment

This article is the first in a series designed to make freshmen and any unsuspecting upperclassmen, though we doubt that there are many of these, realize how isolated they are, how far from the soothing feminine touch.

Some Amherst men, the unfortunates, grouse that the Smith girls take them for granted. They are too near. The girls will date them Friday night, but save Saturdays for more distant commuters. Having viewed the Amherst-Northampton speedway at 12:55 on several Sunday mornings, we feel we must reserve our sympathies for more deserving heads. Here at Hamilton we need not fret over such a circumstance. Hamilton is a men's college. Yea, verily. We wonder if it is actually geographically possible to divorce a place any more completely from the cloying coed influence.

A scant hundred miles away-north and east-is Skidmore College. It is located, specifically, in Saratoga Springs, where horses race in the off-season and where is the US Hotel, at which Clio Dulaine stayed and drank champagne with a peach in it. This last we mention only to establish that someone beat Mabel to it. If you drive up, by far the best method, an old Skidmore hand recommends that you take "route 5 to Amsterdam, route 67 to Ballston Spa, 50 to Saratoga, and from there, follow the legs." Lacking a car, you must take a bus or train to Schenectady, and a bus from there to Saratoga. But to do that you'll have to want to get there pretty badly, or know a girl who has a car.

Skidmore Campus — well, let's be frank. There isn't any. The buildings—both class and dormitory—are more or less in a group to the east of downtown Saratoga. Skidmore Hall, which is the senior dorm, among other things, is probably about the middle. From there, nothing is certain. A class building may be next to another class building, a dormitory, a private residence or a delicatessen. There is no telling, to the visitor, if a girl entering a given building is going for a French class or a ham sandwich.

There aren't many places right in Saratoga to take a date. Besides the Colonial Tavern and Casey's, the town is pretty dead when the racing season is over. Here again, a car is pretty essential, for most of the dining, dancing and drinking places are well out of town. The nicest of the out of town spots, we think, is the Hitching Post. It is a large building on the order of a ranch house, and features couches, big fireplaces, and bay windows. A little nearer to Saratoga are the Dog House, the Wishing Well and Newman's.

While marking time, waiting for the sun to go down, you might visit Yaddo. Yaddo is a large estate which for several summers has been an authors' and artists' colony. Skidmoreans have the run of the place all year and most know just where to get lost. You might take in the Spa, also, where most of the sulfur and mineral springs are located. It's a favorite picnic spot, complete with a stream to cool the beer.

Restrictions are the same at Skidmore as at most other women's colleges. Saturday night curfew is 1:00 a.m. We heard a swell yarn last year about some Skidmore Hall girls breaking into fireboxes, getting the keys, and letting themselves out with them. Maybe we just never met anyone that eager.

HOUSEPARTY (Cont'd)

game. Following the latter, a round of cocktail parties paved the way for the evening's banquets. Dancing began later and continued in varying stages until dawn called a halt for milk punch and whiskey sours.

After Suuday dinner, Oney started calling. This obviously meant that the Dekes were out of liquor, so most of the girls took the hint and started to pack. Those who stayed heard Bob Henderson at the Alpha Delt beer party, which fittingly brought to a close a good weekend [illegible] its only casualties being a few sore heads and one unfortunate Sig who tried to save time getting off the Deke porch and bailed out at fifteen feet.

Class of '49 AWOL -- 100 Years Ago

A precedent established at historic Hamilton College is really news, but for news of a really timeless incident here on the Hill, we must revert to the past! Exactly one hundred years ago, this month, the impetuous class of '49 (then Juniors) executed a coup against inhibited living and confinement. Collectively, the seventy-three men of that class joined forces in silent processional, and in a morning, marched off the campus. Their explanation? Actually none, except that together they simply decided to get away and walk through the magnificence of the Oriskany in autumn. Their action was as unpremeditated as that. They had no secret plans or espionage. Theirs was not an underground movement. They had no clockwork schedule of cutting classes and taking to the highway. They just saw the wanderlust in each others eyes and mutually consented to this infringement of regulations. One aware of the rigidity of college edicts in 1847, must realize that this was no light caprice but the challenging desire of hardy souls who sought release. This courageous class responded to the taunts of the same majestic panorama we veiw to the northeast today. They triumphed in their own liberation, the lifting of yokes, and the spaciousness of the natural world! They were pioneers, conquerors, champions of our race! Undaunted by what lay behind them, they set out on the road ahead. Only after they had begun their exodus, did they feel need of direction. As spontaneously as they acted on their inspiration, they agreed upon their goal. The cry rose up for Trenton Falls — hence the name given their act by future generations. "The Trenton Falls Bolt". Bolt indeed!

We are reduced into misjudgment by chroniclers who stain the virgin instincts of the '73 spirits with corruption by our own familiar Bacchus. Cynic scribes tell of "the night before" as a debauchery which could give vent only to an escape from curricular demands. The whole incident was the climax of a rebellious ness frothing in these boys; bonds of respect for order were broken by contempt. This analysis by bookish scribes shows not only ignorance of the character of these men but also a complete disregard for the complete story of their journey.

Soon after selecting their destination, the seventy-three boys found reality creeping into their idyllic expectations. Their bodies, wearied by the srenuous mileage they had covered, augmented their estimation of the distance they had to go. Trenton Falls was a considerable way off and only steadfastness to their intentions impelled them to complete their journey.

All arrived, admitting the frustration of their souls by the exigencies of their stomachs. Hunger overpower happiness. Then stark reality accosted them as they ate heartily in the dining room of the Trenton Falls Hotel. Into the dining room walked Professor Charles Avery of the Hamilton College faculty! His appearance released seventy-three minds from the taunts of their escapade. His understanding smile abated fears of contempt and all the students wished to be home again. The class of '49 was homesick.

On the hundredth anniversary of this momentous occasion, we can appreciate the subsequent attempts which have been made at such ventures from here despite the first defeat. The record shows that the class of 1849 proved its heroic worth. Has a century of Hamilton manhood changed so that we are no longer proud of this heritage?

The D. U. Barn Dance; Friday Night's Attraction

Friday night, at midnight, the D. U.'s gave an all-college barn dance to top off the first riotous evening of Fall Houseparty. The affair drew a large crowd from various other fraternities on the Hill, and, with the aid of competent caller, and plenty of beer, the evening was very successful.

Lecturer Cites Dangers of Technology

According to Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, '17, the coming of the age of technology has added an eleventh commandment to the Mosaic Code: Thou shalt not stop. All of the machinery of government, be it totalitarian or democratic is thus directed towards keeping the body economic running smoothly and without hitch or delay. Beginning with this statement, Dr. Griffith, who now heads the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, spoke for over an hour Wednesday evening elaborating the subject, "Government in a Technical Age." The key to today's governmental problems, said Dr. Griffith, is the fact that the constitutions under which democratic governments operate were not designed for the dynamism of present-day life. As a result, many of the world's democracies have failed.

Leaving Hamilton in 1917 to study at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, Dr. Griffith began a long and varied career during which he served as instructor of economics at Princeton, visiting professor at Harvard, Dean of the Graduate School of the American University in Washington, and Dean of the Lower Division of Syracuse University. Moreover, he has found time to write several books on government which bear the imprint of the Oxford Press.

With the next issue, October 24, The Spectator will inaugurate a classified ads section, designed for the reader who wishes to sell, buy, or trade articles of various nature. If you are interested in this column, notify Myron Beldock, Advertising Manager, at No. 6 Carnegie, for further information. The charge will be 7 cents a line.

Choir Concert With Wells Set

Wells comes to Hamilton College on Monday, Nov. 24, for a joint choir concert with Mr. Berrian Shute's boys. Following this joint song fest which is to be held in the Commons, will be an informal dance for general college participation.

Last year Hamilton Choir journeyed to Wells for a Christmas season concert on December 9. The Wells-Hamilton concerts have been so successful that on February 21 the Hamilton Choir expects to again combine their efforts and talents with the Wells girls for the second Choir Concert of the 1947-48 season.

The committee in charge of the details of this venture is Warren Moore, Choir Manager; Allen Schepper, Mal Stephens, Phillip Brooks, Clifford Greck, John Koenig, and James Beaverson. Further particulars will be announced as they are planned by he committee.

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Hill Football History Far From Mediocrity

"For a good many moons," prior to the advent of "Swede" Svendsen, Continental football teams have been considered easy pickings, and were used as a doormat by a goodly number of small eastern colleges in order to fatten their percentag of victories. "Wait 'til next year" became the stock phrase on the Hill.

But there was a time when Hamilton was included among the nation's best. At the turn of the century, there were few colleges in the east that did not tremble at the mention of her name. Piling up 40-0 scores against such present day grid giants as Colgate and NYU were occurences that took place two or three times every autumn, and even the Black Knights of West Point had great respect for the Continentals. When the blue-clad gridders from the Hill trounced Colgate,11-0, in 1900, **Hamilton Life** felt it had to offer an explanation for the small size of the score, blaming the result partly on bad weather, and when NYU was buried under five touchdowns in the same year, the victory elicited little praise from the college journal. In that season, the Hillmen piled up an impressive total of 253 points, and were scored upon only by Army, who beat them 11-0. The only team that was really able to apply the paint brush to Hamilton hopes in those days was the Carlisle Indians, who went upon a 32-to-0 scalping party in 1899.

In the years following the turn of the century, however, Continental gridiron fortunes began to decline, while several of the former foes began to get big ideas, and to subsidize the game. But, after many dreary seasons, some of the glory of old returned in 1941. With Forrest Evashevski, "The Man who Made Tom Harmon," at the coaching helm, and with "Mercury Milt" Jannone, the east's leading scorer in that year, running circles around bewildered opponents, the "Big Blue Buzzsaw" hacked out five triumphs, while losing only to Rochester and Haverford. The most noteworthy win of that successful season was the 34-13 rout of Union, in which Jannone gave one of the most dazzling exhibitions of running ever seen on Steuben Field. But when Evashevski moved to greener pastures, and the war came on, things began to slump again.

Now with Bud Svendsen throwing his dominant football personality around the campus, Hamilton, while not among the nation's best, is certainly no doormat.

Soccer Team Was No Underdog in Oswego Game

In a gruelling, hard-fought contest underneath a hot sun, the Hamilton booters and the Oswego pitchmen played a 1-1 deadlock here last Saturday morning. It was one of those battles where both teams had countless scoring opportunities, but couldn't seem to find the spark. The Green and Gold invaders opened the scoring early in the second quarter on a boot from the right wing, and Scottie Francis of the Hillmen closed it when he slammed home the leather midway in the third. The Oswegoans, with powerful reserve forces, came near to settling the issue in the second and third periods, but the bulldog defense of the Continentals kept them from making the kill. There were numerous stellar performances turned in by the Ruddmen, with the quartet of Mackay, Wright, Osborn, and Taverner leading the way.

The Buff and Blue will put their record of one tie and one loss on the line at 3:15 today against Buffalo State here. This should be the one to round out the record, although the visitors don't give promise of being setups. The Hillmen have been working hard this week, endeavoring to build up their scoring punch, which was lacking at crucial points last Saturday. More emphasis has also been placed in short passes, in an attempt to smooth out flaws in the attack. Coach Rudd said that he would probably start the same eleven that took the field against Oswego, which would include Taverner, Meservey, Bauer, Wright, Osborn, T. Gregory, Mackay, S. Francis, Haggerty, Burton, and McLean.

"—good spoon, dear"

SPORTS

By Peter Falk

Hartwick scored three times on passes and Bob Addison,, a skinny kid from Ohio, must have drooled when he read it. This lad is a football radical, who scoffs at the notion that only backs are to be rewarded with headlines. One hundred and fifty pounds of end, he was Oberlin's high scorer last year, and just for Mama's sake he'd like to be top man again. Unless the week produces a change, Hamilton's defense should give him a good start.

This crucial weakness and Hamilton's ability to drop the ball are responsible for the ridiculous three touchdown difference in last week's ball game. The twenty to zero number is about as truthful as an income tax figure.

Hamilton was quite diplomatic about the thing. Trying not to be hoggish, they fumbled a half dozen times. But the rogues from Hartwick don't know from being polite. They greedily gobbled up those gentlemanly gestures and turned them into two touchdowns.

Hamilton, being extremely sporty, moved their goal line up fifty yards; Hartwick crossed the fifty yard line four times and the goal line three times. This devastating offense netted a total of five first downs. The game was much tighter than the score would lead you to believe.

The Hamilton team can console themselves in the knowledge that they were outscored by a good club. For college scholars who only dabble in football after class, Hartwick has an amazing collection of pug-nosed brawn. Huge,cocky, and with no financial worries, the Iroquois team can play very pretty with a football. In fact, they've yet to be scored upon.

Up front, Henry Formon and his colleagues deserve the lollypops for not crying when faced by the Hartwick ogres. Actually the Hamilton collge boys whacked the monsters around a good deal. The Continental line, playing Bud Svendson's crafty seven man defense, were just as stubborn as a brat with a tootsie roli. The celebrated Hartwick running attack flopped.

Another Blue blessing was the microscopic wonder, Ants DiGregorio. The insect baffled the opponents, bewildered the spectators and caused general amazement.The high voiced tailback is in a class by himself when running back kicks. On hand off plays he rockets hrough the hole like he was going home to dinner. His kicking has been accurate and he's playing very smart football. Last Saturday, Ants made like a Ted Williams:— he was practically a one man offense.

The big enigma was why didn't Hamilton score during the second quarter. They migrated deep into the Indian's territory and stayed there for fifteen minutes. Acting like a nervous guest who doesn't want to leave the parlor for the bathroom, the Blue team always found some excuse for not crossing the goal line.

Bernie Burns, despite a leg injury, can still rumble along. Not the back he was last year, he's still pleasant to have around. Twice the savage Bernie almost obliterated ball carriers with tackles. Svendson's men tackled harder as the game progressed. The team has shown a steady improvement in this department.

Tomorrow the athletes meet Oberlin. The Ohio team has an Addison at end, a Johnson at halfback, and a Keensy at tackle. None of them are sissies, and all of them are better than average football players. Addison was all-Ohio for two years and Johnson averaged 10.5 yards per try two weeks ago.

Oberlin opened the year trouncing Alleghany 25 to 7 and last weekly suffered badly against Washington U. Both teams will enter tomorrow's game with a 1-1 record.

Hamilton definitely has a good ball club. They make a barrel of mistakes at the wrong time. They fumble and their passing game is weak. But they're rugged and they hustle. The whole team is very fast with a good line and a potentially dangerous running game. If they an find a scoring punch, they'll win.

Intramural League Enters Final Phase

The battle for intramural football and volleyball honors has entered its final stage. At present the team that bears watching is the Lambda Chi six. With consistently accurate passing, they have outplayed the majority of their opponents. The DU club, held to a 6-6 tie in its initial contest with a strong Theta Delt team, is improving rapidly and will be a future threat. Squires Club, also boasting a fine running and passing attack, is making a strong bid for first place.

In volleyball, the Lambda Chi's are undefeated champs of their league. But the house at the bottom of the hill must share some honors with the Squires. Last week, the latter soundly defeated Theta Delt and ELS. In both of these encounters, the Squires opponents were unable to win a game, being trounced by one-sided scores. Lack of experience has left most of the volleyball teams relatively weak, but stronger teams should develop before the season ends.

Rain, plus houseparty weekend, placed the number of contests played in the past week at a minimum, but the coming battles are certain to provide a clearer indication of the potential champions in both football and volleyball.

Council Meets With Dean; Discuss Policy

The Interfraternity Council, with Dean Tolles as their guest met last Wednesday evening, October 8th, at the Psi U House. All the members were present. The Dean discussed informally several matters concerning fraternity policies on the Hill. It was decided that the system of exchange dinners between the various houses and the Squires Club would be inaugurated on Thursday, October 23rd. These exchanges will be held every Thursday evening thereafter throughout the college year. Omar Pound, Class of 1951, presented a plan for the approval of the Council for sending Christmas packages to needy British families. It was pointed out that each house could probably send four or five packages to Great Britain within the next few months. The next meeting of the Council will be held on October 22nd at the Chi Psi Lodge.

FOOTBALL (Cont'd)

First Downs	6	5
Yards Gained Rushing	81	124
Av. Gain per Rush	2.0	3.7
Passes Attempted	11	8
Passes Completed	3	4
Yards Gained Passing	44	122
Number punts	7	10
Average perpunt	41	31
Fumbles	6	0
Own Fumbles Recovered	3	0

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Various Clubs Meet; Schedule Programs

At a meeting of the Musical Arts Society in the chapel two weeks ago plans were made for a series of four concerts to be given regularly thruout the school year. Soliciting for tickets will begin toward the end of October. The price will be $3.60 for the four concerts.

On Wednesday, the eighth of this month, the Camera Club elected new officers for the coming year. Charles Brady gained the presidency and Morgan Underwood the post of secretary and treasurer. Pictures were taken of the various activities of houseparty weekend by Bob Chapin. These photographs will go on sale shortly. The process of getting pictures of the fraternity houses and of the campus is also underway.

On October 22, Edwin Robbins of Utica will speak to the club on the subject of sketch portraiture. At present, Mr. Robbins is holding an exhibit of his work in the library.

****

The Outing Club is now working on plans for a trip to Blue Mountain this coming Sunday. The group will leave at eight Sunday morning and return about six Sunday afternoon.

College's Sortorial Splendor Disappears Before Weekend Is Over

The houseparty-weary females who disappeared down the Hill last Sunday, on their various ways to the mysterious places from whence they came, should have saved enough stamina to look behind themselves once more. If they had done ao. a look of amazement and amusement would have crossed their tired faces. Already their sartorial conscious dates had started to revert, in time-honored Hamilton manner, to the less pretentious week-day styles of dress. From deep in bureau drawers and from hidden corners of locked closets, Hamiltonians retrieved their "work" clothes, and prepared for a week of comfort unmarred by choking ties and cutting collars.

For contrary to what the omnipotent editors of **Esquire** would have its readers believe, the typical Hamiltonian prefers to save his Lucius Beebe splendor for more attentive eyes than those of the faculty. (After all, the women on the campus are married.) Yet according to a recent edition of **Esquire,** the college man is seen cycling across campuses the nation over resplendent in "tailored matching slacks and gaily checked sport coats," set off, of course, by "foulards in controlled patterns," and topped by "flashy Tyrolean hats of distinct hues."

Sorry, **Esquire** eds., it just ain't so at Hamilton. The last person seen wearing a "controlled foulard" and "gaily checked sport coat" was immediately identified as a Public Speaking major, and they are singularly rare at Hamilton. The man on the campus at Hamilton weekdays seems content to don comfortable GI leftovers and "any old thing" that happens to be lying around—providing, of course, that it results in a mixture of styles rivalled only by Root Hall.

As for hats, well . . . . The Hamilton man refuses to be budged from his position of style leadership in hatless-heads. When weather conditions become too unbearable to suffer the unadorned pate to endure, a few battered "drinking hats" do appear, but they are definitely non-Tyrolean.

Thus it seems apparent that Hamiltonians may well snicker a bit at the proposed **Esquire** stylistics of dress for the fall season. To have them adopted at sedate Hamilton would require a minor revolution.

BOOKS (Cont'd)

Most of them had never seen a Jap, much less fought one. The "Reluctant" was simply its own little isolated battle ground in the center of that other effort also being carreied on along the Rhine, in Okinawa, and in the Philippines; it was divided into two camps, on one side stood the Captain, and on the other side, the 178 members of the ship's company. It was an even match.

The situations that this motley gang got themselves into in an effort to escape excruciating boredom is the gist of the thing. The time is spring, 1945, the place, the back areas of the Pacific where the "Reluctant", carrying in its holds food, trucks, dungarees, toothpaste and toilet paper, wends its way from Tedium to Apathy and back, making an occasional trip to Monotony or even all the way to Ennui, 2000 nautical miles from Tedium. The "Reluctant" has never seen battle (and never will), providing you discount the time the Captain ordered a volley fired on what looked like a submarine periscope off the port beam but what turned out (naturally) to be a rather innocuous tree branch.

"Mr. Roberts" is a series of amusing situations then, involving the "Reluctant" and her crew. On the surface it reads like a kind of comic strip routine. You may not believe in the slapstick war between the Captain and his men. When Mr. Roberts, concealed behind a bulkhead, fires a wad of tinfoil at the Captain"s buttocks (and scores), while the latter sits contemplating one of his favorite cowboy movies, it may not strike you as signifying anything more than the author's fanciful imagination at work. Captain Morton was incompetent; more than that, he was unaware of the dull dimensions of his authority. As described by Heggen, he is a very real prototype of many a member of the high-commissioned ranks in both the Army and the Navy. When these men accepted their incompetency, they were tolerated as jokers; when they attempted to put up a front, they invariably excited the active kind of guerrila warfare in which the men on the "Reluctant" engaged.

True, all the stock characters are here in stock form. There is the newly commissioned ensign who comes from a middle class family of a Boston suburb. Ensign Keith learns that all the Naval Officers Guide said doesn't necessarily apply to a prosaic little, slow freighter plying the forgotten corners of the Pacific. There is the stock sex talk, but then when the normal male libido is relegated to the confines of a ship at sea or any other comparable banishment, as it is during warfare, it would be distinctly strange if there weren't.

But **"Mr. Roberts"** is not only good comedy; it is also high tragedy symbolized in Roberts himself. His efforts to escape the outrageously inglorious "Reluctant" is culminated in a relieving assignment to an actively engaged destroyer. But he can never escape from the emotional maelstrom into which his passion to do battle against fascism draws him. Like many another man in those frantic days, he could never decide whether his own personal hatred for the enemy was original or had been merely manufactured for him, a bogus and juvenile patriotism. When he listened to Doc, who knew a lot about this business of causes (with a capital "C") he often felt he was infinitely better off, doing the safe, obscure job to which the vagaries of the Navy Bureau had assigned him. But when a Japanese suicide plane explodes on the deck of his destroyer, 12 men are killed—Roberts among them. Whether he or any of the other 11 (or, indeed, any of the other half million) felt sure they had done the "honorable thing" could never be known. Probably, as the author seems to have concluded, no one ever really decides, since ultimately the entire nature of things is thereby called into reckoning and the issue is really quite beyond the feeble mental grasp of you and me, and Mr. Roberts.

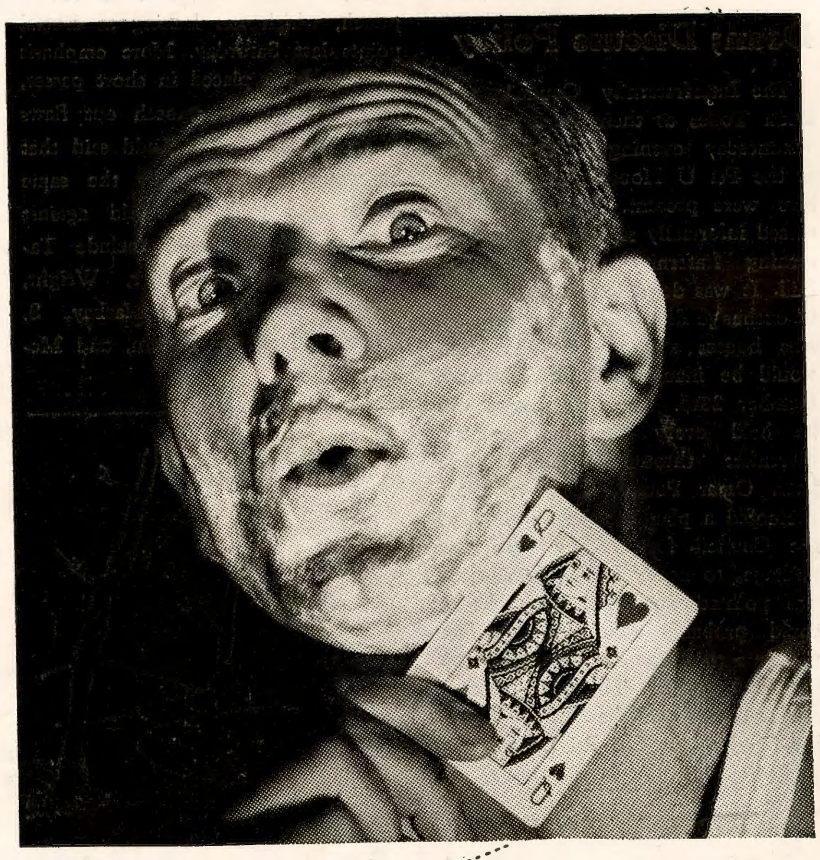
QED (Cont'd)

This week the Guild of the Gunker is happy to welcome into its fold two Hamilton undergraduates, Charlie Mortimer, '50, and Sandy Lankler, '48. After due consideration, the Executive Council has deemed the deeds of these two men worthy of entrance into the Guild, and the following has been inscribed in the Golden Book of the Gunker:

"Whereas, on the night of October 12, 1947, Charles Greenough Mortimer, III, and Alexander MacDonald Lankler became completely inebriated in the confines of the Alpha Delta Phi Hall, and whereas the party of the first part and the party of the second part drowned a furry caterpillar in their glass of whiskey, and whereas, the party of the first part and the party of the second part ate the party of the third part and washed him down with a bottle of chilled furniture polish, their names are here reverently inscribed in the Golden Book of the Gunker."

LOOMIS SETBACK

Though overshadowed by the revelry of Fall Houseparty, one of the newest organizations on the Hill really "let loose" Saturday evening. The occasion was the glorious defeat of Loomis Prep, a school literally bulging with pigskin material, by a valiant underdog team from Mt. Herman (19-6). Well-wishing telegrams which flowed into the Anti-Loomis League Headquarters all weekend indicated an extremely enthusiastic response to the new organization's activities.



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beards become 5 water with new

They're almost washed away!

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